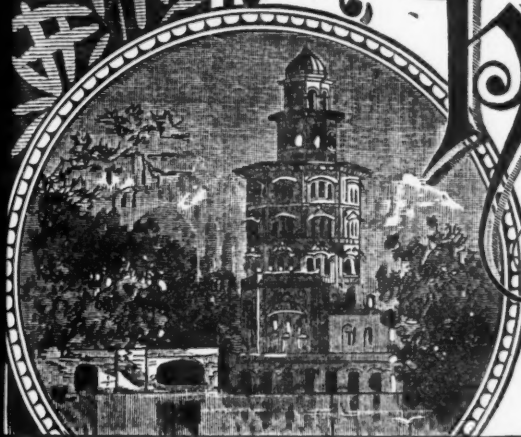


The  
**Missionary  
Helper**



PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY  
BY THE

RECBAPTIST WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY

February, 1886

PROVIDENCE R.I.

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## The Missionary Helper.

**TERMS:** Fifty cents per year, *in advance*. For ten or more copies, *one copy free*; no extra charge for postage.

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# The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED



MONTHLY

BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S \* MISSIONARY \* SOCIETY.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 2.

A NOTE from the treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society, just received, says: "Dr. Bacheler sails from Boston on Saturday, 23d, at 11.30 A. M. Mrs. Bacheler does not accompany him." Hopefully, he adds, "We will not die. We will let in the sunlight — nothing is better for health and growth." Let us keep his courage good by sending our contributions for the present need of outfit and passage of Dr. Bacheler, and the next remittance to India due the first of March. Address Rev. Arthur Given, Auburn, R. I., making notes and orders payable at Providence.

THE possibility contained in the thought of the Rev. Mr. Williams that each of our churches raise a sum equal to sixty cents a member for missions, is worthy of candid attention. If such uniformity of effort would result in fifty thousand dollars, would it not be worth the while to strive toward it. Some churches do this and more now. There are others which ought to contribute that amount, at least. Let us think that it means only a trifle more than one cent a week for each individual member. Our Methodist friends place on their banner for 1886 a million dollars! Let us not fail to measure our possibilities.

IN the reports which formed the supplement of the December HELPER, was placed the list of the appropriations as made by the Board for the present year. If these shall be compared with those of last year, it will be seen that the amount is somewhat increased. This fact indicates two things, either there must be an increase of interest and of giving on the part of the members of the society, or there must be a failure to meet the pledge made by the Board, its representatives. There has been a steady increase in the income year by year. Is there any reason why this ratio may not be larger with each succeeding year?

Again, in selecting the objects for which to contribute, it is best to take them from this regularly accepted work, otherwise confusion will arise. Rhode Island assumes the salary of two missionaries, Miss Phillips and Miss Franklin; Vermont Mrs. Smith, and other sections other salaries. There are shares in Miss Ida Phillip's salary of five dollars each, for the children. There is the Industrial school at Midnapore, and this department at Harper's Ferry, zenana work, and other objects. Write to your Quarterly or Yearly Meeting Secretary, and in communication with the Home Secretary, she will assist in helping to a special object for which to labor and to pray. But do not fail to let some part go to the General Fund.

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No reader will fail, we trust, to catch the real meaning of Dr. Phillips' article; or to hear the echo of "Cast Away" in time for the rescue.

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The promise to speak of periodicals helpful to the missionary worker, and several important items "wait" till the next issue for want of space. Earnest effort is asked in obtaining subscribers the present month, and continually. One copy *free* for ten or more names.

## Self-Giving First.

[BY DR. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

THERE are a few little words, all of one syllable, in Paul's second letter to the church at Corinth, that I venture to say have been read too fast by many Christians, and not enough thought about. In stirring up the Greek disciples to liberality, he reminds them of the noble example of the Macedonian Christians. Then come these words, (2 Cor. viii., 5.), "*First gave their own selves to the Lord.*" These seem to furnish the key to the wonderful benevolence of those Macedonian churches. Having given themselves to God, how could they withhold money, or work, or anything else? It is an old axiom that the whole includes all the parts, so when self was given to the Lord, neither heads nor hands, neither purse nor property, could be kept back. Who wonders that those earliest European Christians in spite of "their deep poverty" gave "beyond their power" for the relief of their suffering brethren in Judea? Winning a worthy woman's hand is easy, once her heart is won. Let the Great Bridegroom but possess the heart of His bride, the Church, and her hands will cheerfully and completely do His bidding.

Let every pastor keep this in mind, and every church member, too. Personal consecration to Jesus Christ is *the first thing* in all our work for His needy ones here in America, as in India. Without it our benevolent enterprises can at best but lag and limp along, a burden to ourselves and a discredit to our Lord and His church. There is great danger of overlooking this word "FIRST." It is as important and irrepressible here, as in Matt. vi., 33, where our Saviour uses it with great emphasis in laying down one of the fundamental truths of his kingdom on earth. Let us see to it, that the heart is wholly surrendered to Christ, then our liberality will be spontaneous and hearty, not superficial and forced. Giving our work or our cash for building up Christ's church in America, or Africa, or Asia, will be a delight and a double blessing, carrying help and hope to the suffering abroad, and bringing health and happiness to the hearts at home.

After one of the first Napoleon's bloodiest battles, the surgeons were going their rounds, caring for the wounded who lay on the field. A poor man had been shot in the chest, and the doctor was probing for the bullet, when the soldier said

to him: "Go a little deeper, doctor, and you'll find the Emperor." In the heart of the dying Frenchman was the general for whom he fought. It is easy to fight and noble to fall, if Christ be in the heart. "*For me to live is Christ,*" said Paul, "*and to die is gain.*" Knowing this, we can understand why the great Apostle toiled so valiantly and suffered so heroically. Such was his union with Christ that he wished to know not only the power of His resurrection but also the fellowship of His sufferings.

Am I hoping too much for our churches, the pastors and the people together, when I most ardently hope for a more thorough and cordial consecration to Christ on the part of all of us during this new year? Let us emulate the shining example of those Macedonian believers.

Let us all cheerfully give *our own selves first* to the Lord, and see how delightful duty will become, how light the burdens that seemed so heavy before, and how full of promise the work we counted hard and discouraging.

May every weak and struggling church grow stronger this year, may our seminaries of learning rejoice with increased prosperity, may Harper's Ferry and India be glad and full of thanksgiving for brighter days and many golden sheaves because of *the self-giving first* of our seventy thousand disciples to their adorable Lord.

AUBURN, R. I.

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### Thine is the Power.

"The God that answereth by fire, let him be God." — 1 Kings xviii., 24.

LORD, I have laid my heart upon thy altar,  
But cannot get the wood to burn;  
It hardly flames ere it begins to falter,  
And to the dark returns.

Old sap, or night-fallen dew, has damped the fuel;  
In vain my breath would flame provoke;  
You see! at every poor attempt's renewal,  
To thee ascends the smoke.

'Tis all I have — smoke, failure, foiled endeavor,  
Coldness and doubt and palsied lack;  
Such as I have, I send thee, Perfect Giver;  
Send thou thy lightning back!

— George Macdonald.

## "Cast Away."

[BY THE REV. G. B. CUTLER.]

How the sympathetic heart is touched at these words: **Cast Away!** They speak of disaster, distress, darkness, and death. Visions of struggling souls come before us. Defined: 'Tis that man, or thing which is thrown away, *useless, lost*. In nautical language 'tis the circumstance of a ship being lost or wrecked, or a sailor saved from the wreck of his ship.

In the Autumn of 1869, I was, in the latter sense, placed ashore on the Island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, far from America and home, our vessel gone, my shipmates scattered, and I without money,—a stranger in a strange land, and worse than all a stranger to grace,—a wanderer from home, and from God.

But now I see! And what do I see? I see men everywhere on rotten old hulks, trying to make the voyage from earth to the port of glory. Everybody has his ship and his pilot; the only question is, is the ship *sound* and the pilot experienced?

Again I see a large ship in sight. What a cargo of humanity she bears. Take the glass and read her name. *India!* Look, she is setting her colors. Why! she is in distress! "Ahoy! what's the trouble?"

"Some of our officers are gone, and the crew is fainting. Shall we be cast away!" Lively! men! show now, if ever, the metal of the crew of the "*Bright and Morning Star.*" Thank God that we have men to spare; we will man that old ship *India*, and with God's help, anchor her at last where no storms arise, and no wrecks go down, in the Harbor of Eternal Life.

GEORGIAVILLE, R. I.

The *Indian Witness* tells us that one of the most remarkable signs of the times is the performance of a play by Hindus of Calcutta, in a Hindu theatre, representing the life of Bhudda, the anti-Hindu reformer. The object seems not to be to separate the Hindu from Hinduism, though the worship of idols is discarded, which is considered one blow at that religion. Sacrifices are denounced, and rites and ceremonies are discountenanced. The plot of the play turns upon the assumption that Bhudda was an incarnation of Vishnu, the Preserver.

## Recollections of Rev. A. H. Morrell.

[BY MISS CORALIE L. FRANKLIN.]

My first recollection of Mr. Morrell dates back to the time when I was a very small girl. My home was then in Winchester, and the school we attended was conducted by two brave, earnest, Christian ladies from Maine. The work at Harper's Ferry was already begun, and among the several workers there, who was so fitted as Mr. Morrell to make a trip to Winchester to offer sympathy and encouragement to these two, whose positions as teachers of the freedmen were not only unpleasant but actually perilous in those early days, following the war, when party feeling was not a whit subdued, and bitter recriminations against Northerners was not uncommon?

It was while on a visit to these ladies and their school, that I first saw the good man whose recent death is a sad blow to all who knew him.

One afternoon, when school had closed, I was the bearer of a message from one of the teachers to my mother, saying that she must be sure to come that evening to see a good man who was not well enough to go around, but whom they wanted her to see, and that she must take me with her.

We went, and although my childish mind could comprehend but little of the conversation wherein the words "slavery" and "freedom" were of constant repetition, there comes, even now a distinct remembrance of the kind gentleman with the pleasant voice and tender eyes, who placed me on his knee, saying to my mother, "Well, this little one will not be a slave." These words which I only wondered at then, have been full of meaning in after times. His conversation to me was about the good "Master" who said "Suffer little children," etc. I can remember, too, that I was encouraged to repeat "a verse" which I had learned at Sunday School, and was rewarded by the gift of an illustrated child's paper, which for many weeks was among my chief treasures.

Several years later when we came to the "Ferry" to live, it was to meet Mr. Morrell as pastor, and find in him a family friend. During the years which followed, we have always known him faithful and true to the work for which nature had so eminently fitted him, and to which he gave the best years of his life. Ever mindful of the needs of



others, always forgetful of himself, his life was one grand model of unselfishness. From the time that Storer College was founded, until now, he has been universally beloved by all the teachers and students who have been connected with the school. Even during the few weeks he has spent here each year since his removal to the North, his good influence over the pupils has been manifest. Those added to the school during his absence seemed to vie with those of older membership in showing their love and esteem for him who enjoyed so thoroughly doing what he could for all.

While pastor of the church at Chepachet, it is safe to say that he must have many and many a time "burnt the midnight oil" in writing letters and doing up papers and books to be sent to his correspondents of all conditions at the South.

This school has met with a great loss. It was a sad day for us when we came to consign to mother earth the remains of our dear brother, pastor, teacher, friend. How he loved Storer College! even when overtaken by the death angel he was on his way to us.

So devoted was he to the "work," that he chose his last resting-place among us. Anthony Hall has never been so crowded, except at anniversary, as it was on the day of his funeral. Many of those citizens who fifteen years ago bitterly opposed Mr. Morrell and his efforts in behalf of the freedmen, came to mingle their tears with ours for him, who, while he showed plainly that nothing could turn aside his interest in the cause which he had espoused, so lived that, almost imperceptibly to themselves, he gained first the respect and finally the love of some who had been his greatest enemies. We who anticipated his stay here during the remainder of the winter sustain an untoward loss.

No longer out of the fullness of his music-loving nature will he sing for us the sweet songs of Zion; no longer will the Christian be strengthened by his encouragement, nor the wayward sinner turn at his pleadings to the foot of the Cross. Where is there a man to fill his place?

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA.

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AND I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

## "Heroines of the Mission Field."

[BY MISS FRANCES E. BARBER.]

MRS. JANE CHALMERS, wife of the Rev. James Chalmers, missionary of the London Missionary Society to Rarotonga and New Guinea, has well been called one of the brightest and most devoted heroines of the mission field; not only for her arduous and self-denying labors in the path of duty, but for her courage, and presence of mind amidst great dangers of perils by sea and land, and the hostility of savage tribes.

The Rev. James and Mrs. Chalmers sailed in the missionary ship "John Williams" from London for Rarotonga on the 29th of January, 1866. As a young couple, they were enthusiastic and eager to commence their work in the field of Williams, Ellis, and other pioneers of the South Sea Mission. But from the very first they were destined to encounter trials and hardships. The "John Williams" had hardly reached the South Sea Archipelago when a series of disasters occurred, which finally culminated in total shipwreck before Rarotonga was reached. Not only was the vessel a total wreck, but the missionaries lost nearly everything in their possession, besides the stores intended for Samoa and Eastern Polynesia.

After this delay Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers proceeded by another vessel to Rarotonga, arriving there May 20, 1867, being a year and five months on their journey. Two months later, the resident missionary returned to Europe, leaving to them the sole care of the mission. They immediately set about acquiring the language, and while Mr. Chalmers assumed the care of the Training Institution for the native ministry, Mrs. Chalmers assembled the wives of the students at her house daily in classes, teaching them reading, sewing, and the Scriptures. With the children she seems to have been a great favorite, taking special interest in their classes and examinations. Her occasional communications to the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* afford many pleasant glimpses of her life and labors.

After ten years' work on the island of Rarotonga, a field seemed to open for them in one of the largest islands in the world. New Guinea lies to the north of Australia, divided from it by the Torres Strait. It is 1,300 miles in length and 200



miles in breadth ; a tropical land inhabited by tribes of savages who were totally ignorant of civilization and religion. There, in May, 1877, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were transferred. The natives having been abused a short time before by the crew of a trading vessel, vowed vengeance on the first white man who landed on their shores. Only the protection of an overruling Power can explain the fact of their preservation during those perilous days of exploration about the island. At one time the savages surrounded the station in large bands, night after night, yelling and clamoring for the blood of the inmates. But prayer, heroism, and fearlessness conquered. The savages were quelled at last, and peace and quiet once more reigned at the mission.

Soon after this, Mr. Chalmers was obliged to make a voyage to Thursday Island. Mrs. Chalmers chose to remain alone as a kind of hostage for the return of her husband, and the safety of the native teachers who were settled near. It was well that she did so, as she not only saved the life of one of those teachers, but so won the hearts of the savages, that they treated her with the greatest kindness and confidence, and the name Chalmers acted as a talisman among the different tribes.

Soon after Mr. Chalmers' return to his courageous wife, the shadow of a final separation fell upon them. She was struck down by one of those fearful malarious fevers, so prevalent and fatal in that climate, and remained so ill that her husband was obliged to take her to Cooks Town, and afterwards to Sidney, hoping that a change of air would restore her health. But in spite of the most unremitting care she gradually sank, and calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on February 20, 1879.

A friend in speaking of her life says, " This was heroism of the first order. To go to possible, and in the end certain death, for the sake of the gospel, and the defenceless native teachers laboring there, was bravery such as few could have displayed. Verily, the world knows not its greatest heroes. This humble woman, far away from home, friends, and civilization, patiently winning the hearts of savage cannibals to Jesus Christ, has all unknown to worldly fame, finished her course, entered into rest, and won the guerdon of immortal renown."

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January, 1886.

## Facing the Light.

[BY MRS. F. H. PECKHAM.]

A FEW evenings since, as I started to call upon a neighbor, I found the darkness was intense, and knowing that the way, though short, was icy and rough, I set a lamp in the window to guide me. I could but notice, as I went along, that as the light was behind me, I was walking in my own shadow, and could not hasten. But when I returned, the light was before me, every step of the way was revealed, and without thought of self I hastened toward the light and home.

This may seem a trivial circumstance, but is there not a comparison between it and our course in life? As Christians, we have started to reach the Eternal City, and it may be that the path is rough and slippery for our feet. Our loving heavenly Father has given us Christ to illumine our pathway, and we have, moreover, covenanted with the Father that we will have our faces and footsteps turned toward this Light. One of the paths which He has marked out is that of mission work, His last command on earth being, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." When we learn the fact that comparatively few of our women, even, are awake to this work, and stirring appeals are sounded again, and again, in heedless ears, we are led to ask the question: Can it be possible that a child of God, claiming to love and follow Him, can refuse to walk in his path? Why do any refuse? Why excuse themselves? If any walk with self and self-interest ever with them, can they be *facing the Light*? Will they reach the Eternal City?

It behooves us to remember, that when we allow self and self-interest to stand between us and our duty, we not only hinder the work we are set to perform, but we hinder our own advancement, and fail to receive the blessings the Lord has planned to bestow upon us. We must work to His plan.

We again find it voiced in the second Psalm when we read "Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." The boundless world is God's. Alas, that it can be truly said, not more than fifty *per cent.* of those who call Jesus, Lord, have taken to heart his last command, and are making their plan of life, with reference to the conquest of the world! There is one thing alone, that will excite an

interest in missionary work, and that is *love to God*. The moment that any one, even a little child, begins to love God with the whole heart, he becomes a missionary; he works to save men. Says the *Gospel in all Lands*: "Humanity at large, is the object of the divine compassion. His kingdom embraces humanity. So does the commission to the Church of Christ; so do the prayers of the Lord; so must the disciple who means to be loyal to his Master."

We need first of all to look steadfastly to our light, Christ Jesus. His love and presence in our hearts will show us plainly, the depths of sin and darkness from which we have been removed, and when we turn our gaze to the countless hosts dying without His salvation, we shall hasten with the message entrusted to us, saying with Dr. Grant, who did such valiant service for Christ in Persia: "I cannot, I dare not go up to judgment, till I have done the utmost God enables me to do to diffuse his glory through the earth." Another has said: "Let it not drop out of mind, practice, or life, for a moment, that the measure of faithful praying is the measure of success in the Lord's work."

GREAT FALLS, N. H.

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## The W. C. T. U. Gospel Temperance Missionary.

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[BY MRS. GEO. F. MARTIN.]

MRS. MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT, formerly a teacher in Boston, at one time head assistant in the Boylston School, has been for several years past, identified with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as lecturer. Mrs. Leavitt made the tour of the Pacific coast, lecturing and organizing unions in the states and territories, making warm friends for the cause wherever she went. On November 2, 1884, she sailed for the Sandwich Islands, this being the beginning of a "round the world" trip, in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Nearly a month was spent on these islands. Unions were organized in Honolulu, Hilo, and Wailulu. In connection with the Woman's Board of Missions, was Miss Mary E. Green, the daughter of a missionary, who for several years had been at the head of a school for native girls, a lady of culture, and with a perfect knowledge

of the language. This estimable and talented young lady has been employed by the new Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to superintend work among the Hawaiians; thus God seemed to be in the midst, preparing the heart of this lady to adopt the new work. It will be seen at once, that far greater success will be the result of such a consecrated and competent leader.

From this point, Mrs. Leavitt sailed to New Zealand. A great prejudice existed here against work by women. It was not easy to make an innovation among a people who largely indulged in the habit and custom of social wine drinking. About this time Mr. R. F. Booth, temperance evangelist from England, was making a tour through Australasia: visiting this island he met Mrs. Leavitt in her first efforts with the people. God was in the plan, and the way was gloriously prepared by this forerunner of God. A temperance wave swept over the island, breaking down prejudice and positive opposition, preparing the women to accept the special work offered them by the missionary of Gospel temperance. The success of Mr. Booth was marvelous, some twenty thousand men, women, boys, and girls donned the blue ribbon as a sign of total abstinence. Mrs. Leavitt with her sweet spirit overcame all opposition against herself and won to her cause a large number of women, gifted and influential in social circles. God was better to her than all her most sanguine expectations. She received ovations and substantial testimonies of regard in liberal sums of money to help on her gloriously begun work. The news of the temperance revival had spread to the adjoining country of Australia. The two revivalists, Mr. Booth and Mrs. Leavitt, were enthroned in the hearts of many before their eyes had beheld them; their work had become a household topic. We will not detail the succession of meetings which were held by Mrs. Leavitt, in the most populous parts of the island. God has thus far given our missionary signal victory. Mrs. Leavitt left in January, for India, Japan, and China. May God prepare the dark hued daughters of heathen nations to receive her with joy as a co-worker with the missionary of the Cross, for the redemption from sin, and sinful habits of intemperance and kindred vices. Let us at home follow her in our prayers, "around the world" for God, and home, and native land.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## Correspondence.

[FROM MRS. H. C. PHILLIPS.]

### WORSHIP OF DURGA.

SOMETIME ago I promised to tell you of the worship of Durga, but the scene was difficult to describe, and has been delayed. Let me begin a day or two before the last ceremony, and tell you what I saw. Miss Coombs and I went to get a 200 rupee note changed, and to make sure of success, went to the house of the wealthiest man of Midnapore. We had gone about half way through a street, so narrow that two carriages cannot pass each other, without running almost into somebody's house, or veranda, when we entered a large door that led into an open court surrounded by verandas, one part of which was reached by a wide flight of steps. Miss Coombs seated herself on the top step in front of the old man to see him count the money, while I took a proffered chair on the veranda. While the counting goes on, let us look at that glittering object that stands, or sits against the wall. There is a platform, or litter about six feet long, and five wide, having a back nearly six feet high ; formed, as nearly as possible, like a peacock's tail spread to its full size. This is made of bamboo wicker work, strings, and very cheap cloth. The foundation is covered entirely with what looks like silver wrought into a great variety of devices, interspersed with green, red, and purple, and the whole, if not too closely inspected, has really quite a fine effect.

In the midst of this, stands the goddess Durga, nearly four feet in height, attended by two or three female figures, and all dressed in the most fascinating oriental style. Durga alone wears the silver spangled crown. At one end of the veranda, and near the litter, sat three Brahmans, having piles of rice, pulse, etc., in front of them, and who were diligently mumbling and muttering the incarnations and charms that were to call the spirit of the goddess to come and take up her temporary abode in this new earthly temple. But right here the counting was finished, so I could not see the conclusion of the ceremony, and was glad enough to get into the street, even though the air was heavily laden with dust and unpleasant odors. Not many days later the last ceremony



was to come off, and never having witnessed it, I begged a seat with the Griffin family, and we drove down to the river. At home, people usually keep to the sidewalks, but here there are none, so the whole street leading from the town to the river was one moving mass of human beings, interspersed with carriages and bullock carts. No dainty shoes or spotless stockings were bespattered, for all feet were bare, and with few exceptions the men's heads had only nature's covering, while the one long cloth did its best to cover the women from head to feet. Policemen were to be seen in every direction vociferating and gesticulating, as they tried to keep all out of harm's way.

All were attired in holiday dress, and the bright, gay colors of many greatly enliven the scene, while from the dress of not a few, the white had long since faded. The roofs of the houses on either side were occupied by women and young girls, who since last year's festival had probably seen but little of the outside world. The sun was fast descending when a hum and movement in the crowd told us that Durga was coming. Poles ten or twelve feet long had been fixed to the litter, which was borne on men's shoulders.

When within a few yards of the river, quite a number of men threw their shoulders under the poles that by so doing, they might be allowed to go to the water's edge, and there have a chance to strip from Durga some of her coveted decorations.

Some were beaten or pushed away, but others clung to the litter, and I saw one man tear off a yard or two and wind it around his head.

Durga and all were plunged into the water. The litter floated a little way and then was taken out, and all that was left of the beautiful goddess was the sticks and straw frame dripping with mud. More than a dozen of these admired idols, costing from 50 to 500 rupees each, came to the same inglorious end that afternoon of October 5.

Durga is a bloodthirsty patron of the murderous Thugs, and as nothing but blood will satisfy her, hundreds of buffaloes and goats are annually slain in her presence to secure favor.

The superstition that fosters this worship is painful to dwell upon, and its degrading influence beyond conception. And still, among all festivals there is none more popular. It calls together hundreds of families, and for ten days al

care is thrown to the winds. The best cooking is done, fine clothes and jewelry displayed, and those who escape a quarrel return home happy and bearing gifts. An educated Hindu said in regard to this worship: "One part of the service is so vile, I'm ashamed to witness it, and so hide behind a pillar." Durga is made of bamboo and straw covered with mud. When the eyes are being made, a tiny pin hole is left open, and during the consecration the goddess enters through this opening and then it at once closes.

SANTIPUR, INDIA.

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[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

HOPEFULNESS — DECISION NEEDED.

THERE are signs among us of an increasing work and better results. Yesterday an old woman was baptized and joined our church. She must be nearly eighty years old. A son of hers became a Christian several years ago, and at first she used to be quite hostile, but for sometime she has lived in his family in the Christian village, and the result was seen yesterday. I was pleased with some of her answers when she was before the church committee. She is of one of the lower castes, and knows *nothing* about reading, but she has listened in her son's family, and they have explained to her. She said she thoroughly believed Jesus would forgive her sins; she could not understand *how* but when she prayed to him her heart became light.

I hear of a young man, a Hindu of a higher caste, who wants to be baptized, and of another who was sprinkled in his babyhood, whose parents belong to the church of England, and he wants to become a member of our church by immersion.

Many of our native brethren and sisters are more awake than they have been, and I hope we may have more good news to tell before long. Don't, don't forget to pray for these native Christians.

Miss Ida Phillips, who was with me two months, has gone back to Balasore, and I am alone again, and find my hands full enough. As soon as Christmas is well over, I want to go to our little churches at Dainmari and Bábaigádiá, where we have some schools, and look after them, and do what I can to help the people, then go on to the yearly meeting; afterwards Mr. and Mrs George and I propose to make a trip to Contai.

It will be getting along towards February by that time and may be too warm to camp out longer, but I should like very much to go Garbeta after we get back from Contai.

The Bible school students are scattered here and there, preaching and selling books. They come in once a month for their pay and bring good reports of being well received. I do so long to know of a breaking away among those who seem to be so thoroughly convinced as far as their heads go; but these people do lack *force*, and I believe that is one reason why they do not bring themselves to a decision, although they believe our religion is true. . . . That eleventh verse of the first chapter of Colossians is a wonderful verse: "Strengthened with all might according to his glorious power," not to do some mighty thing but—"unto all long suffering and patience" and that, not as though we were martyrs but "with joyfulness." I remember once, Miss French said "we are likely to be mistaken as to what God may consider essential attributes in our character." I know I am inclined to think of zeal and earnestness and enthusiasm as very essential, while God doubtless sees that patience and long suffering need to be developed in me.

I am glad to hear of Mr. Stiles' desire to join us out here. I believe he is right to take his theological course first, but I shall be glad enough to see him; are there none who *have* taken their course and who have "thought about it" long enough, and who might be coming to us *now*? HE KNOWS—over and over again I have to say it. I am one with you in saying "There's something else to be done besides thinking about it." There must be thought—prayerful thought—but *we* want the *decision*.

MIDNAPUR, Dec. 7, 1885.

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## Bible Reading.

[BY MRS. A. C. HAYES.]

A WORD before we open our Bibles. Let us not come to the Word of God with minds filled with something else. It is one thing to take the words into our ears, and another very different thing to receive the truth they contain into our thoughts, affections, will, life.\* The one is no more than the

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\* He that receiveth not my words hath one that judgeth him, the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day. John xii., 48; Luke viii., 15.



touch of a nut-shell tossed through the air ; the other is opening the nut and eating the meat. Our Father expects us, hearing his word, to use our common sense — such as we have — and apply his declarations to the existing state of things ; and then to see to it that our will and works are brought into proper relations to what he has said and the state of things.

In our first Bible reading we faced the fact, that, notwithstanding all the differences that conditions and circumstances have made between the nations and races, “all we are brethren.” We found this truth directly stated, and involved in all Christ’s life and teachings, from the first announcement of “good tidings of great joy, *which shall be to all people*” to his last words on earth. Did we eat this truth ? Then the process was something like this : What, our own brothers and sisters, and not yet know that Christ died for us, and that his last will and testament was to make us all so rich ! I am so enriched by my own share, I must do something to let the rest know.

Now once more “let the king speak.”

As — So.

John xv., 9. “As the Father hath loved me, *so* have I loved you.” “*As*”—how ? “This is my beloved Son,” is the Father’s five-times repeated introduction of his son to the world. “The voice came,” Jesus says, “not for my sake” (he knew by constant spiritual communion that the Father loved him) “but for your sakes,”—that we of the world might know his worthiness to be loved. “*So* have I loved you !” The Father could say of *him*, “in whom I am well pleased.” But how *can* he be pleased with us ? Surely it can only be as he looks upon us as a parent does upon a child who, though full of misapprehensions, and making many blunders and errors, still means to be in all things obedient. We can see how he may, so, love us as we are, as well as in view of our constantly reaching toward the high ideal which he purposed for us to reach when he gave himself to us, and for attaining which in us, he is now cleansing, refining, smoothing, Eph. v., 25–27, and making “all things work together for good.”

How did the Father love him ? 1st. With a love that was consistent with great love for the world. 2d. With a love that comprehended eternity, and knew that highest “honor and glory and blessing” would come to the Son

not from having created, but from redeeming the world,— Rev. v., 12,— and so he freely made the sacrifice himself, and preferred for the Son the laying aside of glory with Him, and going to humiliation, servitude, and supreme suffering, because only thus could he have the joy of “bringing many sons unto glory” as the “Captain of their salvation.”

With such a love does Christ love us, a love that takes in eternity. It recognizes the wisdom of the Father’s love for him, and sees that our highest joy and honor cannot come from earthly achievement or possession; but from freely giving all we have, and all we are, or may become, for others, and so he takes us into the greatest enterprise of all, with himself.

John xvii., 18. “As thou, Father, hast sent me into the world even so have I also sent them into the world.” Note how he emphasizes the likeness of the sending: alike in the love for the world which both feel; alike in the purpose that all who believe in the Son shall be saved. Notice the parallels in John iii., 16–18, and Mark xvi., 15–16. The same result is predicted from the sending of him and of us. The work is one. “Then I told them of the king’s words, and they said, ‘Let us rise up and build.’ So they strengthened their hands for this good work.”

LEWISTON, ME.

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### Chance.

CALL you this chance? A tiny seed  
Is blown by wandering winds that speed  
O’er land and sea. On ocean’s breast  
’Tis swept and whirled; then flung to rest

Upon a lonely isle, ’mid reed  
And sedge, and many a straggling weed.  
Lo! soon the isle a flowery mead  
Becomes, with brilliant blossoms dressed.

Call you this chance?

Oftimes a word or kindly deed  
Bestowed upon some soul in need —  
Some soul where love is never guest —  
Transforms the heart by hate opprest.  
Till flowers the noisome weeds succeed.

Call you this chance? — *N. Y. Independent.*

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### New Organizations.

Auxiliary, Faith Chapel Church, Lowell, Mass.

*Mrs. Pickett's Missionary-Box.\**

## BENEFITS AT A CENT APIECE.

"THAT there missionary-box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlor mantel, "that there missionary-box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Malcolm, the things I've been alearnin' of ever sence Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' sot it out on the dinin'-room shelf, an' told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it!" said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've half a notion to," replied her hostess.

"You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginning of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now — my niece, you know. You've got jest her colored hair and your light complected like her, and you laugh something like her, too. Mary Pickett was always a master hand for laughing. I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she come in with them two boxes, an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She knowed I warn't the missionary kind. I do' know but she done it jest for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I scrapin' along with my boarders an' rent was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard times enough to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked criss-cross to me, and I'd got to have hard feelings against every one't looked 's if they got along easier'n me, 'n I'd most give up going to church at all, for all I was a professor, an' I won't say but what I had murmurin's against Providence — fact is, I know I had — if you be a minister's wife! An' so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, an' I never thought of nothin' else. Then Mary Pickett she come home from school, where she'd been ever sence she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her, to get an edication, so 's to teach; an' she got a place in a grammar school an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about missions to that school till she was full

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\* *By special request.*

of 'em, an' the very first meetin' day after she came she walked out in the kitchen, an' says she :

" 'Aunt, a'n't you comin' to missionary meetin', down to the church?' says she. 'I'll meet you there after school,' says she.

"An' if you'll believe me, Mis' Malcolm, I was that riled that I could have shook her! I says:

"Pretty doin's 't would be for me to go traipsin' off to meetin's an' leave the i'nin' an' the cookin', an' set alongside o' Lawyer Stapleton's wife hearin' about—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home an' see to their work,' says I. 'But law! nothin' ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She jest laughed and said good-by, an' I stayed and pattered over the kitchen work till I was hot as fire inside an' out; an' 'long about five o'clock back she come with them two boxes.

" 'I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy,' says she, settin' of it down. An' when I see what it was, I just stood an' stared. 'T warn't that one there, 't was one jest like it, an' it had a motto written on to one end, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?'

" 'Well, you're smart!' says I: 'an' Mary she jest dropped into a chair an' laughed till I couldn't help laughin' too. 'Great benefits I have,' says I, standin with my arms akimbo an' lookin' that box all over. 'Guess the heathen won't get much out o' me at that rate!'

" 'I s'pose that depends on how much you render,' says Mary, says she, 'You might try at a cent apiece awhile jest for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,' says she.

" ' 'Bouts many as grapes off bean-vines, I'd get!' says I; for I was more than usual low-spirited that night, an' I jest made up my mind I would keep count, jest to show myself how little I did have. 'Them few cents won't break me,' I thought, an' I really seemed to kinder enjoy thinkin' over the hard times I had, while I was settin' the table, with Mary helpin', an' I kep' sayin' little mean things about how I s'posed she wanted me to put in a cent for the smoky stove, an' for the bread that warn't light, so 't I knew all the boarders would be grumblin' at supper, an' plenty more in that line, that she never took no notice of. Mis' Stapleton said once that Mary was a girl of great tact, an' I guess I know it better'n any one else.

"Well, the box sot there all that week, an' I used to say it must be kinder lonesome with nothin' in it, for not a cent went into it till next missionary meetin' day. I was sittin' on the back steps gettin' a breath of fresh air when Mary come home, an' I called out to her to know what them geese talked about to-day. That was the livin' word I called 'm — them geese!' Well, she come an' set down alongside o' me an' begun to tell me about the meetin', an' it was all about Injy an' the widders there, poor creturs, an' they bein' abused an' starved an' not let to think for themselves—you know all about it better'n I do!—an' before I thought, I up an' said :

"Well, if I be a widder, I'm thankful I'm where I kin earn my own livin', an' no thanks to nobody.

"Then Mary she laughed, an' said there was my fust benefit. Well, that sorter tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go clear off to Injy to find them, an' I dropped in one cent, an' it rattled round a few days without any company. I used to shake it every time I passed the shelf, an' the thought of them poor things in Injy kep' a comin' up before me, an' I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, an' felt as if I'd oughter put in another. An' next meetin', Mary she told me about Japan, an' I thought about that till I put in another, because I warn't a Jap. An' all the while I felt kinder proud of how little there was in that box. Then one day, when I got a chance to turn a little penny sellin' eggs, which I warn't in the habit of, Mary brought the box in where I was countin' of my money, an' says :

"A penny for your benefit, Aunt Mirandy.'

"An' I says, 'This an't the Lord's benefit.'

"An' she answered, 'If 't an't his, whose is it?' An' she begun to hum over somethin' out of one of the poetry books that she was always a readin' of :

'God's grace is the only grace,  
And all grace is the grace of God.'

"Well, I dropped in my penny, an' them words kep' ringin' in my ears, till I couldn't help puttin' more to it, on account of some other things I never thought of calling the Lord's benefits before. An' by that time, what with Mary's tellin' me about them meetin's, an' me most always findin' somethin' to put in a penny for, to be thankful that I warn't it, an' what with gettin' interested about it all, and sorter searchin'



round a little, now and then, to think of somethin' or other to put a cent in for, there really come to be quite a few pennies in the box, an' it didn't rattle near so much when I shook it. An' then one day, Mary she brought me a little purpleish pamphlet, an' she says :

"Aunt, here's a missionary magazine I've subscribed to for you, bein' you're so interested in missions."

"Me interested in missions! But when I come to think it over, I did n't see but what I was, in a way, an' I said over to myself, kinder curious, to see how it sounded. It was jest what they said about Mis' Stapleton, she 't was the president of the missionary society.

(To be continued.)

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## The Biblical Brotherhood.

A NEW RUSSIAN SECT.

THE Jews of New Russia and of the Ukraine have founded a sect with the avowed aim of reconciling Hebraism and Christianity. Its beginning dates from the early part of 1880, and its first apostles were *four poor Jews* of Elizabethgrad, — a tailor, a corn-dealer, a notary's clerk, and a village school-master. Their first converts were members of their own families, and a few personal friends. Their object was not alone to promote fraternity, but to comfort the well known aversion of Oriental Jews to hard labor; and they established communistic agricultural societies on the system of Fourier and the White Quakers of New York. They abhor ritual and abjure all the traditional ceremonies and the elaborate observances of Jewish worship; one of their chief aims being to break down the barriers that have hitherto separated their brethren after the flesh from their Christian neighbors. "Let all regenerated Israelites," say the prophets of Elizabethgrad, "forget their ancient hatreds and renounce the narrow prejudices of sect. Let them give up usury and finance in favor of husbandry and agriculture, and employ for the general good of their kind the remarkable intellectual qualities with which nature has endowed them."

A portion of them receive Christ as a messenger sent from heaven, if not as the actual Son of God, and they describe themselves as Israelites of the New Testament.—*Spectator*.

## Home Department.

### The Hills of God.

THIS like a narrow valley-land,  
 This earthly way of mine;  
 Before me, clad in glory grand,  
 I see the hills divine—  
 Those heights the saintly long have trod—  
 The Hills of Hope, the Hills of God!

Though mists of doubt enfold me in,  
 Though through the dark I grope,  
 The upward path my feet may win  
 That mounts the heavenly slope;  
 And walking through the lowland here,  
 I know the Hills of God are near.

Unto them oft I lift mine eyes,  
 That oft with tears are wet;  
 And through the mists they calmly rise  
 Where sun no more shall set.  
 To me forever grand and fair—  
 The Hills of God—my help is there!

— *Selected.*

### Self-Control.

[BY MRS. M. E. TUCKER.]

ON my way to Sabbath School this afternoon, I met two mothers who were talking of their children. One said, "Do you see how willful my Willie is getting to be?" That was all I heard; they passed on. And I walked on, pondering that one sentence which fell upon my ear. And yet the *will* subdued and guided by the mother, may be just the possession, added to other qualities, which will help make a Martin Luther. While, on the other hand, that will, left unrestrained and not guided by the mother, may rush headlong on to make a Benedict Arnold.

These terrible possibilities wrapped up in our children, when they are committed to our care, may well fill us with intense anxiety, yet with joyful expectation. For what a grand work is put into our hands as mothers, when God gives us a boy with strong will, fine affections, and persistent

activities. Surely we may exclaim: "*Alone* I cannot do this great work of moulding and guiding this precious child! Oh thou giver of the gift and the work, give wisdom and grace that I may not mar this plastic image of its Maker, but come up, at last, into thy presence, with my work well done.

From observation and experience, I know of no duty more incumbent on the parents than to see that the child shall be taught self-control from the very first years of its life, not wait till the third and fourth years, but begin with the first and second. Yet one will ask how can the mother begin thus early? I answer, first by controlling ourselves, by keeping our own mind and purposes steady and evenly balanced. If we have times for feeding our child, *hold to that time*. See that the time is judiciously selected. If we know they require certain amount of food; *give that exact amount*. When the child grows older teach him to use his own judgment in selecting his food both in kind and amount; possibly your will must assist his will at first. Do not let the thought "I want it," but the thought "Is it best for me," govern the child. A little boy, six years old, when away from his mother, was urged to take cake for his supper; although he wanted it, yet he calmly replied, "My mother does not let me have cake for supper," and, urged to take it, did not change his purpose. That boy had learned to govern himself only by long persistent efforts on the part of his mother to teach him to do what was best and right, whatever might be his feelings or desires. That boy carried the same principle into manhood. The same boy had a very strong will, it took hours of unflinching patience and persistency, and once following the advice of Solomon in regard to correction to make him feel that his will must submit to parental will, yet when that question was settled, it was for life. Not that the child had less will power, but a controlled will, which helped him in after life, and very early, to submit to the authority of his Heavenly Father.

One father whom I knew held his children in his arms firmly till their naughty struggles were over. The three boys who grew up in that home became strong men able in their manhood to control and guide others.

Oh! what a terrible wrong we inflict on our children when we let them grow up with uncontrolled wills and appetites! Heaven's first law is *obedience*. So there is music among the spheres.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



## Woman's Work for Woman.

[MISS A. P. MARTIN.]

DR. JOHN HALL once said in a Sunday School convention, "The power of Christ's love is tested, when a woman, whose whole life has been sheltered from evil, bends over the poor outcast, dying in her deserted chamber, and pressing her pure lips to those polluted by sin, calls her *sister*." As rare as this sight may have been in the past, the time is even now come when angels bend in admiration over many such scenes all over our land enacted by white souled women, who have proven "what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." The ranks of such women are being augmented by the choicest women in the land.

Miss Frances E. Willard has just pledged herself to superintend a department long recognized as one of the most important and most difficult. The "Suppression of the Social Evil," this with the "Suppression of Impure Literature," Miss Lucy J. Holmes, of New Hampshire, superintendent, and that of Dr. De Costa, in New York, "The White Cross League," will be recognized as a lawful and legitimate sphere for woman's efforts. Each combines the necessity and expediency of tact, wisdom, prudence, and love, which women use as their principal weapons or implements of warfare with evil. May society in general co-operate with these new reforms and reformers, and make possible to them, what will be entirely impossible to bring to pass without the sympathy and support of those who stand as lookers on. Woman in homes must demand of men the same standard of purity which is set up for her; and that any violation shall be met with the same law of punishment. May God give courage and success.

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"THIS, oh, this is woman's lot,  
To be a friend when others fail;  
To look on death and fear it not,  
To smile when other cheeks grow pale:  
To trust in danger and in care,  
To love when love seems almost dead;  
To hope when other hearts despair  
And pray when love and hope are dead."

A MOTHER'S WORK.—MANY a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose in the morning. Is it nothing, that your little, helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing, that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hands direct everything at home? O, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power, when you say "I have done nothing!"—*Mother's Magazine*.

"THE character of the women of a country is of greater importance to that country's nobility than the character of the men. If these are good mothers, and bring up their children aright, they are laying the basis of a Christian generation which shall carry the glory and Christianity of this realm wherever they may go."—*The Earl of Shaftesbury*.

THE parent whose blood and secretions are saturated with tobacco, and whose brain and nervous system are semi-narcotized by it, must transmit to his child elements of a dis-tempered body and erratic mind; a deranged condition of organic atoms which elevate the animalism of the future at the expense of the moral and intellectual nature.—*Rev. Edward P. Thwing*.

THE statement is made on good authority that servant girls deposit more money in the savings-banks than any other class of women workers.

THE employment of women under ground is prohibited in Great Britain; but the British factory inspector reports that 4,458 are at work in mining operations above ground.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.—This is a weekly paper devoted to the interests of women; to their educational, industrial, legal, and political progress, and especially to their right of suffrage. Its subscription price is \$2.50 a year. Its publishers make the *special offer of a single month on trial for twenty-five cents*. This paper is an inspiration to any woman. Miss Frances Willard thus indorses it: "*The Woman's Journal* has long been my outlook upon the great and widening world of woman's worth, work, and victory. It has no peer in this noble work and ministry. Its style is pure and its spirit exalted." Address, *The Woman's Journal*, 5 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

## Words from Home Workers.

### NEBRASKA.

THE Woman's Missionary Society met, in connection with the Nemaha River Quarterly Meeting, with the Long Branch Church, Saturday evening, December 12. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mrs. A. A. Taylor. Opening song, "Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest"; prayer by the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Salem; address by the Rev. J. S. Dinsmore, of Illinois; "Work for the Night Is Coming" was sung, and then the Rev. A. D. Williams and others, made appropriate remarks. The amount raised in the Long Branch Church, \$12.50; Grand View Church, \$7.80.

Mrs. A. W. SKINNER, *Secretary*.

### VERMONT.

Our society gave a missionary concert at the church, January 3. The exercises were as follows: Reading of the Scriptures by Mrs. G. W. Colby; recitations by Eva Switser, and Miss Boroughs; a dialogue by seven young ladies; reading, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Miss Belle Barker; letters from Poddie, Miss Coombs, and Miss Millar, and also, selected readings from a missionary leaflet were presented by Mrs. Wilson. The "Red Box," revised, was recited by May Colby, and the collection was taken by Mary Colby and Hattie Allard, in two red boxes that came from India. While they were taking the collection the little girls sang, "Over the Ocean Wave." The closing part was "Good Bye," by Winnie Campbell, a little girl of five years of age, the Rev. Mark Atwood's grand-daughter.

*Secretary.*

The Huntington Quarterly Meeting Society held its annual meeting, Dec. 12, 1885, and appointed as officers for the ensuing year, Mrs. J. W. Burgin, president; Mrs. E. B. Fuller, treasurer; Mrs. G. B. Clifford, Starksboro, Vt., secretary, and a vice-president in each of the churches, who are requested to report to the secretary the work done in their localities, either to give a report themselves, or by the secretaries of the different auxiliaries, or bands. If this shall be properly and fully done we may be able to make a full report.

Mrs. G. B. CLIFFORD, *Secretary*.

### NEW BRUNSWICK.

Mrs. Weyman, of Apohaquoi, writes: "It gives me much pleasure to send the names of two new subscribers. God bless the sisters for the noble work in which they are engaged. The interest in our provinces is increasing yearly. I trust before another year closes we may have a representative in the foreign field."

### MICHIGAN.

Mrs. Debow, of Litchfield, adds words of encouragement to her business letter: "I have just been reading the last *HELPER*, and my heart is aroused by the good things I read, especially at the

words of Miss Willard regarding *Reminiscences* as she describes the beauties she sees in the book. My mind goes back to my girlhood days; to the first Sunday School celebration I ever attended. How the hymns, "Yes, My Native Land I Love Thee," and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," inspired my young heart; they inspire me still. The cause of missions has been a great help to me; it has increased my interest in the Master's work. Our hearts take new courage when we remember that advance since the first missionary society was formed in England, and since Carey sailed for India."

The society of the Calhoun and North Branch Quarterly Meeting held an interesting meeting at Burlington, November 21. The programme embraced among other good things an essay by Mrs. A. J. Debow, with the subject, "The Footsteps of our Lord and his Disciples," which was very instructive, and an address by the president, Mrs. French. Mr. Howe, a keeper in the state prison at Jackson, gave a sketch of prison life, and warned parents against allowing their boys to receive a street education, as many in the prison admitted that that was the cause of their downfall. Mrs. C. H. Allen read a sketch of the sufferings of Hindu widows. Remarks were made by the ministers present. Little Allie Pangburn recited, beautifully the poem "The Little Red Box," and while passing the box she sweetly sang "Over the Ocean Wave." When she returned to the platform it jingled to the tune of \$3 75. There is a growing interest and new workers are coming forward willing to help carry on the blessed work of sending the light of the Gospel into darkened homes.

MRS. THEO. COOK, *Secretary.*

#### WISCONSIN.

Mrs. Marcellus, the president of the Boltonville Auxiliary, sends a report of the first public meeting of that organization. It numbers but eleven members. The place is a burgh seven miles from the nearest railroad station, and the church is small, having less than forty members, but it has an earnest, interested minister:

"The meeting was held in the church on Sabbath evening, and was opened by the choir singing the anthem, "Go ye into all the world." The president read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Webster. The president then read a short address, which was followed by select reading by Mrs. N. J. Gordon. Then came a recitation by Mrs. M. L. Lussenden, entitled "Missionary Calls"; select reading by Mrs. Ann Schuler, and a recitation by Miss Edith Smith, "A Plea for Korea"; singing, "Let your Light Shine," by a class of children, one of them, Effie Schuler, presiding at the organ; select readings by Mrs. C. Smith, Mrs. Ida Felsing, and Mrs. L. W. Marcellus; recitations by two little girls, each holding a red box; first, "Collection Day," by Nellie Brazzleton, and then "The Little Red Box," by Effie Schuler. The collection amounted to \$5.40. The audience sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and the meeting was closed by the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Webster.

The ladies had a public mission meeting, Sunday evening at the December session of the Lafayette Quarterly Meeting, held at Monticello. The weather was extremely severe, so there was not a large attendance. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. J. G. Peterson. The select readings were by Miss Trella Sears; Mrs. Pebbles, "Who Is My Neighbor"; and Mrs. Peterson, "I Wonder Why." Remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Peterson, and Deacon Farnham. The Rev. Brother Pope told how the zenanas were opened. The dialogue, "Freely Give," was very finely rendered by nine little girls with Miss Trella Sears as conductor. Essays were read by Mr. Pimber, and Miss Linda F. Pope. The "Little Red Box," was finely rendered by Miss Merle Pickford. Collection, \$2.15.

We also held two public meetings with our own church, Wayne, in the fall, and the people seemed a little more interested in the work. I intended to keep them up, but, on account of poor health, I have not been able to do so. Shall try again when I am able.

Mrs. J. R. POPE, *Secretary*.

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## Question-Box.

SOME one from Michigan asks: "Can you tell me how to interest the boys, from six to ten years old, in our mission band?"

Will some one please tell us of the best method to raise missionary money?

The Question Box asks, "What is the General Fund mentioned in the treasurer's report and for what is it used?" The General Fund simply means that all money received by the treasurer which is not appropriated by the giver, is put to the account of mission work at large, and is used to meet the appropriations of the Board which are not met by special bequests. As will be seen by examining treasurer's report all gifts for special objects are so designated and the balance of total contributions is put into General Fund.

We noticed at the recent meeting of the Congregational Woman's Board, in Providence, that special mention was made of this department, and it was designated as "General Work." It was particularly urged that more money be given to it, a point to which we wish to call the attention of our auxiliaries. The General Fund must be well supplied or there is danger that some part of our work may suffer. We also notice that too much is given by our local societies to the support of native teachers and schools. If the salaries of missionaries in India and of teachers at Harper's Ferry are not more carefully looked after in the future, our fund will soon be very unequally distributed.

"Do the missionaries' wives in our mission have the same salary as the women not married, and what is the salary of each?"

Missionaries' wives have no salaries separate from their husbands. A single man's salary being, as we understand it, \$500.00; and a married man's, \$800.00. Single women have a salary of \$400.00.

TREASURER.

# Children's Niche.

## Our Prayer to Jesus.



JESUS, our Saviour dear,  
Come near to-day;  
Help us thy voice to hear,  
And to obey.  
And shouldst thou from our band  
Choose one for heathen land,  
Lead Thou her by the hand,  
Make plain the way.

'Tis by thy wondrous love  
We're cleansed from sin;  
And a bright home above  
We hope to win.  
We would with grateful heart  
Tell the nations who Thou art,  
To them Thy love impart,  
Teach peace within.

O, may our faith and hope  
Bright, brighter grow;  
Bear Thou our spirits up,  
Thy grace bestow.  
In their darkness may we see  
From what Thou hast made us free;  
And leading them to Thee,  
Peace may we know.

When in that world of light  
We meet Thy face,  
And with the saints unite,  
Praising Thy grace,  
Then, then alone, we'll know  
What honor Thou dost bestow  
On those who serve below  
In *any place*.

## Missionary Hens.

DEAR HELPER: Last night a messenger at my door handed me a package. Opening it I found eggs, money, and a note which explained all. A little girl of my congregation had procured a favorite hen. Her eggs are consecrated to missions. Having accumulated a lot of eggs she sold them to her father for the money, then proposed that the father send the eggs to the pastor for his use, along with her money, which the pastor should send to the aid of missions. The pastor was pleased that one so young was thoughtful of missions, had managed to procure the money by her own care, and that she was so thoughtful of the pastor, who confesses to a decided fondness for eggs. Now the pastor thinks the eggs doubly valuable, coming from his young friend, and consecrated to missions, and concludes that he will pay for the eggs again, and send his money with that of his young friend.

Now there are probably 20,000 Free Baptist daughters, twice that number within Free Baptist churches and Sunday



Schools. Supposing each one would keep a missionary hen, and devote the proceeds sacredly to this cause, the sum averaging for each, perhaps \$2.50 per year, what a grand sum it would make. And then if the pastors, nearly 1,500 strong, would get the eggs and add their price to the fund, well—perhaps your young readers would like to calculate the sum, and possibly many of them will decide to raise missionary hens.

O. E. B.

ROGER WILLIAMS, Providence, R. I.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE. — A good mother in Maine writes: "I read in the *HELPER* of June, that in severe cold weather at Harper's Ferry, some of the little people suffered with cold hands. I have knitted seven pairs of mittens which I wish to send, hoping they will keep some little hands warm, and praying that God will bless the school."

OUR "Misson Workers" have some articles which they have prepared to send to India by some new missionary. The following articles are ready: Two scrap-books, prepared by two little girls very carefully; several little bags for carrying books and work to and from school; some needle-books; one doll; blocks cut for one quilt, and a number of cards. Now what shall be done with them?

MARY VOSE.

PRAIRIE CITY, Ill.

## Contributions.

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 1, 1885, TO JANUARY 1, 1886.

MAINE.			
Atkinson, Auxiliary. ....	\$ 3 25	Sebec, Q. M., collection... .. \$ 8 11	
Bangor, Auxiliary.....	5 00	South Limington, Auxiliary, for	
Bowdoinham, Auxiliary, for Rad-		F. M..... 2 00	
lei.....	6 25	Springvale, Auxiliary, H. M.,	
Bradford, Church.....	25	\$3 62; F. M., \$2.63..... 6 25	
Dexter, Auxiliary, collection; Sun-		Waterville and Sidney, Church, for	
day School concert, \$2.55 ...	3 00	F. M., by "Quilting Army". 6 50	
Doughty's Falls, Auxiliary.....	13 05	Waterville, Q. M., Auxiliary, for	
East Wilton, Rev. D. Waterman,		F. M..... 4 00	
for F. M. ....	50	West Lebanon, Auxiliary, towards	
Lewiston, Auxiliary, Pine Street		L. M. of Mrs. F. E. Briggs.. 5 18	
Church, towards L. M. of Mrs.			
S. B. Stevens.....	16 00	NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Limerick, Auxiliary, for F. M....	6 00	Concord, Church, one-half each	
Lisbon Falls, Auxiliary, on salary		H. M. and F. M..... 3 00	
for Miss L. Coombs.....	10 00	Danville, "Golden Rule Work-	
North Shapleigh, Auxiliary, for		ers" for Miss I. Phillips'	
F. M.....	2 30	school..... 5 00	
Saco, Auxiliary, for Miss Bach-		Holderness, Church... .. 1 53	
eler's support.....	15 00	Lower Gilmanton, Auxiliary, for	
		F. M..... 5 70	
		Northwood Ridge, Sunday School,	

for support of Caroline at Chandbali.....	\$ 2 50
North Sandwich, Auxiliary.....	2 00
Rochester, Auxiliary, \$5.25 School at Jellasure, and \$5.00 Mrs. Lightner's salary.....	10 25
Sandwich Center, Auxiliary, towards L. M. of Mrs. J. W. Scribner.....	5 00
Strafford, Church, collection, Sunday School concert, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's work.....	7 00

## VERMONT.

South Strafford, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's work....	5 00
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## MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Class No. 3 of F. B. Sunday School.....	1 00
Lowell, Auxiliary, collection of Paige Street Church; \$1.17, a Christmas offering from Miss Dame's Sunday School Class; and \$20 for Industrial School.	31 34
Worcester, a sister for F. M.....	1 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Pascoag, Auxiliary, support of Miss H. Phillips.....	12 50
Providence, Auxiliary, Greenwich Street Church, support of Miss H. Phillips.....	6 25
Providence, Auxiliary, Park Street Church, support of Miss H. Phillips, \$5.00; Miss Franklin's salary, \$3.75.....	8 75
Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams Church, support of Miss H. Phillips.....	18 75
Providence, "Busy Gleaners," Roger Williams Church, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	18 75
Providence, Mrs. M. A. Stone, for support of Miss H. Phillips, and towards constituting Mrs. J. J. Easton L. M. ....	5 00

## ILLINOIS.

Lee Center, M. D. Shaw, \$2.00, Cortland Church; \$5.00 to F. M.....	7 00
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## MICHIGAN.

Bath, "Toilers," for F. M.....	6 57
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Burlington, one-half each Western work and F. M.....	\$2 30
Calhoun and North Branch, Q. M., collection, one-half each Western work and F. M.....	3 75
Cook's Prairie, Auxiliary, one-half each Western work and F. M.....	6 00
South Litchfield, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	2 00

## IOWA.

Chester Center, Mrs. S. B. B. Sherman.....	2 00
Delaware and Clayton, Q. M., Auxiliary, for zenana teacher at Midnapore.....	12 50
Wilton, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	5 00

## WISCONSIN.

Sauk Co., Q. M., for Wisconsin Del school with Mrs. Smith..	10 25
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## MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis, Auxiliary, Stevens Avenue Church, for teacher with Miss I. Phillips.....	25 00
Rolling Green, Church, for teacher in India.....	8 00
Nashville Center, Auxiliary, for Home Work.....	90 00
Siotux Falls, Auxiliary, for F. M. Tracy, Mrs. Nancy M. Moses, for zenana work in India.....	50 4 75

## KANSAS.

Argentine, Mrs. Mary O. Bliss, for work in Kansas.....	1 04
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From a friend, for Miss Mary Bachelor's salary, and to constitute Miss Bachelor L. M..	25 00
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Total..... \$484 62

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

DOVER, N. H.

CORRECTION.— In receipts for November, Abington, N. H., should have been Abington, Mass.

## OHIO ASSOCIATION.

## Receipts for December.

Meigs Q. M., F. M.....	\$5 00
Cheshire, Auxiliary, F. M.....	2 00
"Cheerful Givers," Cleveland, F. M.....	30
Cleveland, Auxiliary, for Harper's Ferry, H. M.....	2 50
Cleveland, Auxiliary, F. M., \$6 87; H. M., \$3.99; Ed. Soc., \$1.99.....	12 85

Spring Creek Auxiliary, Pa., F. M.....	12 00
Total, F. M., \$26.17; H. M., \$6.49; Ed. Soc., \$1.99.....	\$34 65
Mrs. H. J. Cox,	
<i>Treas.</i>	
CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 31, 1885.	



